

# The Elk County Advocate.

VOLUME I

RIDGWAY, ELK CO. PA., FRIDAY, MARCH 5, 1893.

NUMBER 16.

## Who was the Burglar.

BY MAX KLEIN.

In the year 18— I lived in a quiet little village of M—, not quite fifty miles from Chicago, and was engaged in a grocery and confectionery store. How I came to go to this place from my native town in the southern part of New Hampshire is more than I or my body else can tell.

But I left home as soon as I was of age, and being rather giddy, and as they call it now a days, "fast," I wanted to get away from the eyes of my parents; and I thought that if I could get once into the world and out of my native town, I would "get rich," and come home and show the old folks and the neighbors that Robert Sanford was somebody after all. Fortune in some way or other brought me to this place in the fall of the year. I at once got a situation as a clerk in a grocery and confectionery store at very reasonable wages; and in the course of the next two years, having been very economical with my money, I was admitted as an equal partner in the business; and it paying first rate, I managed to get enough together to purchase the other interest in the concern, and was the sole proprietor.

Well, about that time I attended a private party and there met and was introduced to a beautiful and accomplished young lady, by the name of Miss Mary Somers. Our slight acquaintance ripened into intimacy, and in the course of the summer we were married.

Her parents were well off in worldly things and at once set us up in a neat cottage on the bounds of the village, and my wife insisted that my only sister should come and live with us. She came just as we had got comfortably settled, and we were of course as very happy to see her. I not having seen her in six years.

Every thing seemed to pass off pleasantly for about two months, when one morning I went as usual to the store, and on my arrival there, discovered that my wallet was not in my pocket. I naturally supposed that I had dropped it at the house; and needing the contents that for-noon to pay for produce, I directly sent my errand boy after it. My wife sent me a note saying that it was not to be found in the house anywhere.

I then went myself, but with the same result. It was not to be found between the attic and the cellar.

Here was a mystery. I knew that I had not lost it on my way down, and I came to the conclusion that it must have been taken from my pocket while I was asleep. But who could have taken it? There were none in the house but my wife and sister, the house-keeper and my errand boy.

The house-keeper had lived with my father-in-law nearly fifteen years, and was known to be strictly honest. The boy had been with me in the store over a year, and had in the course of that time had many chances to take ten times the amount that was in the wallet, but had never touched a cent. Of course I could not suspect my wife and sister. But who was the thief?

The next morning my wife missed her gold watch. This was too much. We had fastened the door to our chamber, and the only means of access was a door leading to my sister's chamber; but if they did it, they did it without waking any of us.

Matters thus progressed in this manner for three nights more, the first night my watch was taken, and the second my gold pencil; and the third my wife's jewel case from a trunk at the head of the bed under the table.

I then accused the boy boldly of robbing the house, at which he was so taken back and indignant that he left the store immediately, and went to the house and packed his satchel and started for the depot; but I had an officer there and arrested him just as he was stepping on board the train.

At being thus accused, arrested and searched, the boy was so astonished and ashamed that he cried and begged of me to let him go home. But I thought this only a ruse to get away on, and I answered him that I would let him go home when he came down with the watches, jewelry and money, at which the boy broke out in sobs, and protested his innocence. But I could not see it, and had him taken to the village lock-up. He was examined that afternoon, and the evidence was so strong against him, on his attempting to leave the town so suddenly after "the robbery" that the justice supposed he was the guilty one, and said it must go up the county court which set in three weeks, and if nobody gave bail he must go to jail to await his trial. He was sent to the jail at the county seat, some six miles distant.

That night we supposed we were rid of the burglar, and slept soundly without fear of losing any more valuables. But what was our consternation in the morning to find my wife's finger rings gone? She had accidentally left them on the stand the night before, but they were not to be found.

Now who is the burglar? The next night I resolved to watch. I accordingly provided myself with a revolver, and retired, not to sleep, but to keep awake, and watch.

About midnight I heard a slight noise in my sister's room, and in a short time her door slowly opened, and I noticed my cocked revolver nervously for the burglar was coming. When the door swung open, my own sister, in her night clothes sound asleep with a lamp in her hand, came into the room with a candle-like step. She came straight to the head of our bed and took a fancy china match box out of the stand and went back with the same noiseless step. I arose as quietly as I could and followed her into her room, and I saw her get at once to her trunk and open it, and then open a false top which she let down from the cover; and looking over her shoulder I saw my wallet, the two watches, the jewel case, had been missed. I went back and awoke my wife who came in, and then we saw the somnambulist with the open trunk before her. The mystery was explained and the real robber caught. At daylight I was on the road to the county jail with the constable, going as fast as horse-flesh could carry us, to release Harry Johnson, the boy I had imprisoned on a mere supposition.

To-day the boy is my equal partner, and the firm name reads Sanford & Johnson, and my sister is severely cured of somnambulism.

Catnip weddings are the latest devices for getting up "benefits for married beggars," and they occur as often as the baby has the stomach-ache.

To be angry is to revenge the faults of others on ourselves.

## Impartial Suffrage.

HARRISBURG, Pa., Feb. 10, 1869.

MESSES. EDITORS OF THE STATE GUARDIAN:—The present events of the Nineteenth century have furnished additional evidence of the progressive tendencies of revolutions. The late rebellion, or revolution—whichever term the future historian may accord it—has been followed by revolutions, peaceful, it is true, yet as decisive in their accomplishments as though effected by the sword. The lines which determined the political parties are completely destroyed. The Democratic party, stricken by the sword, failed at the close of the war, and has not since succeeded in comprehending the necessities of the times. Protest against usurpations of power, real or imaginary, I do not propose to discuss—fertile clamorings about ideas which had perished, and fool-hardy antagonism to the demands and march of inevitable progress, comprised the vocabulary of its orators and writers. Whether the leaders of that party could have retained the sceptre, by having adopted a different policy, or whether, having lost power, they could have regained it, is foreign to my subject. The termination of the war successfully, settled finally the questions of Slavery, Nullification and Secession; the election of Grant has finally settled the question as to the Presidential or Congressional Reconstruction as well as the doctrine of heresy of Republicanism in any shape, however specious. The only National question open now is Suffrage. I say then, it is useless to speculate or theorize upon the probability of possibilities becoming realities; we must take the parties of today as they stand, not as they might have stood; we must take events as they actually transpire, not as we may have desired them to come to pass.

This grand question of Suffrage is yet to be answered, this sublime problem to be solved, and it seems to me it must be embodied in the plans, the discussions and the verbiage of the coming political contest. I affirm that on this question the position of the Democratic party is denied by Honor, Honesty and Justice. I challenge any Democrat to give me a reason for excluding Negroes from the ballot-box, which will not equally apply to many thousands of white voters. It is nothing but a prejudice; or, as some disclaim prejudice, objection is made to conferring suffrage upon the Negro, as "impolitic." If men would only abandon this miserable question of "policy," the question would be answered affirmatively—not by acts of Congress; not by Constitutional Amendments, but by a direct vote of the people of each State. Let each man, discarding the policy of the movement, ask himself: Have I the right to deny the vote of men who are endowed with immortal souls, who, equally with me, are acceptable to God; who, with me, will be judged by Omnipotence; who, with me, will be rewarded for his merits, or punished for his sins; men whom God regards not my inferiors; men whose possession of the same physical powers as I possess; men who are rational, men who will live and die as I live and will die—I ask here, I the right to deny such beings the privileges which I possess? If I have this right, whence and from whom did I receive it? Is the mere color of the skin a sufficient reason? Should features less delicate or manners less refined than mine justify my denial?—I would not be understood as taking such answers as reasons; and yet because a man is a "nigger" is sufficient reason to the Democratic party for the perpetration of a lie on wrong on a fellow man? But further, the duties of sovereign and subject are reciprocal. The subject contributes an assessed quota of the expenses of the sovereign; the sovereign guarantees to the subject protection to life, liberty and franchises. Among the rights, or the franchises, guaranteed by our Commonwealth, representing the sovereignty, to the white male taxpayer, is the right to vote. "It is an absolute right. No question is asked as to his intelligence or qualification made of his understanding of the fundamental principles of the organic laws of a State, or United States; he may be brought to the polls from the jail; he may be steepled with the fumes of villainous liquor, to exercise in worse than brutal condition one of the most important rights of an American citizen. Does not the negro contribute his quota of taxes? Is he not assessed? Does not the collector demand, and failing to receive the assessed tax, levy upon, and distress the property of the negro? It would seem that my proposition as to the relations of sovereign and subject was not sound; for while Pennsylvania, the sovereign, demands and exacts from the negro, the subject, duties and taxes, she denies to him privileges accorded the white man, her other subject. The negro must bear "the heat and burden of the day," but may not avail himself of the shadow, under which his white co-laborer may refresh himself. Is this fair? But further: The highest right a sovereign possesses—but for which he is equally bound to the greatest responsibilities—is the right to the service of the subject in the time of war. Did not the negro obey the call made on him? Did he flinch when death confronted him on the field of battle, and beckoned onward? Was not life as sweet, home as cherished; not children beloved by the negro as by the white patriot? Did not hearts bow, and white lips quiver as sorrowfully for him as for the white soldier who sealed his love of country with his life? Is not the breath of the same God in him as in me? To compel the negro to bear the burden, but not enjoy the privileges of citizenship, is notoriously inconsistent with the fundamental principles of our constitutions; the discrimination; apart from its unholiness, creates a privileged class, than which nothing was further from the designs of the FATHER PATRIOT, whose names are used against the negro suffrage, but I cannot recognize them as deduced from slight reason or good morals.

Freemasonry. A petition from certain citizens of Ohio, was presented to the Senate, the latter part of last month, praying Congress to refuse charters to any secret associations, and to repeal the law under which the Masonic Hall Association of the District of Columbia obtained its charter. The petitioners based their hostility to the ancient institution of Freemasonry on several serious charges, which, if well founded, would have fully justified their action. Our duty as public journalists leads us to examine these charges, as the organization thus assailed extends over all the world, and claims to have been established with the praiseworthy object of inculcating the practice of social and moral virtues. A careful study of its history has convinced us that it is, what it professes to be, a beautiful system of morality, veiled in allegory and illustrated by symbols. There are no secrets as to its principles and objects. The first of the charges referred to, is that "immense numbers are dangerous to republican governments." Nothing can be more untrue than this. Monarchy is a hereditary, Freemasonry an elective institution. In the one the sovereign, claiming to rule by an inherited right divine, is regarded as the fountain of all honor and power, in the other, the people are acknowledged to be the only source of control. All offices in the masonic fraternity, being in the gift of the craft, government is strictly elective and consequently republican in its form and character. Freemasonry dangerous to Republican institutions! It might as well be asserted that knowledge was dangerous to Freedom. The true model of a well-ordered republic is a just and duly constituted masonic lodge. Our own great Washington, the memory of whose virtues, valor, and patriotism will remain forever enshrined in the hearts of his countrymen, was one of the greatest ornaments of the fraternity. Identified as he was with the institution, if it had been antagonistic in its principles or practice to republican government, would he have contented himself with a presidential chair when he might have mounted a royal throne? The wisemen of Ohio whose minds it may be impossible to irradiate with the light of truth also asserts that for a long time masonic societies have directed their efforts in this country towards the support of slavery and the inception of rebellion in its behalf. In reply to this suffice it to say that every mason is strictly enjoined to be a peaceful and quiet citizen, true to his government and just to his country; not to countenance disloyalty or rebellion, but patiently to submit to legal authority, and conform with cheerfulness to the government of the country in which he lives. The charge of inciting to rebellion, &c., is therefore, as false as that of preventing the nation, and forbidding to give tribute to Caesar, which was brought against the founder of Christianity. Who does not know that the essential characteristic of Masonry, when not perverted, is charity, and that brotherly love, respect and truth? How then can that be a pro-slavery institution, which teaches its members to aid in the erection of that universal and eternal temple, which will, one day, enclose an emperor with its precincts? The petitioners say that Freemasons are bound by barbarous oaths repugnant to law, honor and duty. This is another infamous falsehood. The solemn obligations which masons voluntarily assume have been entered into by some of the wisest and most virtuous men of all ages and countries since days of King Solomon. Would any have bound themselves by "barbarous and unlawful oaths?" Again, it is charged by the petitioners that the oaths of the country are taught in masonic lodges; "the pernicious practices of conspiracy," and that these institutions, through the use of vague signs and symbols, insidiously calculated to deceive, habituate the young and the innocent to the ways of duplicity and demoralization." The absurdity of the charge and the innocence is easily disposed of as no one boy or LAWYER AGOR can be made a mason.

As to the rest, we have the best authority for stating that a desire of knowledge and a sincere wish of being servicable to his fellow creatures is the "only reason" for every man to every masonic lodge on the face of the globe, and if any evil thing be discerned by Freemasonry, more than another, it is duplicity, or conspiracy against lawful government. Its signs and symbols constitute a universal language understood by all Masons. True, they are secret and inviolable. This, however, is a manifest necessity, for were it otherwise, how could one mason know another with whom he was previously unacquainted, with certainty. The signs and symbols are only vague to the uninitiated, but to masons instructed in those duties towards God and man which masonry inculcates, they are full of meaning, truth and power. Wherever the light of knowledge has dispelled the mists of ignorance, or the touch of science revealed the hidden wonders of creation, or an altar been erected to the great Architect of the Universe, there masonry exerts its benign influence and its men in an adamic bond of "BROTHERLY LOVE."

"The sacred to which virtuous spirits bind, That golden chain which links immortal minds." "Vague signs and symbols" do they call them! "Hence," says a well informed masonic author—"many advantages are derived; the distant Savage, the wild Arab, and the American Savage, will embrace a Brother Briton, and know that, besides the common ties of humanity, there is still a stronger obligation to induce him to perform kind and friendly offices. In fine, the sacred tenets of the order are so entirely incompatible with impurity and immorality that none but a truly good man can be a GOOD MASON."

THE Rev. Charles Brooks, father of the state normal schools in America, was asked by a teacher, this question: "What shall I teach my pupils?" He answered: "Teach them very thoroughly these five things:—1. To live religiously. 2. To think comprehensively. 3. To reckon mathematically. 4. To converse fluently; and 5. To write grammatically."

THE Grocerian bend has reached California, but there it is called the Pacific slope.

## Washington and His Mother.

Immediately after the organization of our Government, Gen. Washington repaired to Frederickburg to pay his respects to his mother, preparatory to his departure from New York. An affecting scene ensued. The son fondly embraced the ravages which disease had made upon the frame of his aged parent, and thus addressed her:—

"The people, mother, have been pleased, with the most flattering unanimity, to elect me the Chief Magistracy of the United States; but before I assume the functions of that office, I have come to bid you an affectionate farewell. So soon as the public business, which must necessarily be encountered in arranging a new Government, can be disposed of, I shall hasten to Virginia, and—"

Here the mother interrupted him. "My son, you shall see me no more. My great age, and the disease that is fast approaching my vitals, warn me that I shall not be long in this world. I trust I am somewhat prepared for a better. But go, O-god, fulfill the high destinies which Heaven appears to assign you—and may that Heaven's and your mother's blessing be with you always."

The President was deeply affected. His head rested upon the shoulder of his parent, whose aged arm feebly, yet fondly, encircled his neck. The great man wept. A thousand recollections crowded upon his mind and memory, retreating scenes long past, carried him back to his paternal mansion, and the days of his youth—and there the centre of attraction was his mother, whose care, instruction, and discipline, had prepared him to reach the topmost height of laudable ambition. Yet how were his laurels and glories forgotten, while he gazed on the wasted form of his venerable parent, from whom he must soon part to meet no more on earth.

The mother's prediction was true. The disease which had for so long a time preyed upon her frame, soon completed its triumph, and she expired at the age of eighty-five, confiding in the promise of immortality to the humble believer.

The Liquor Dealer. We care not for his fine apparel, his costly furniture and his princely dwelling. They are stained all over with the blood of victims of his unholly calling. It crosses the rich man's in which his wife and daughters flout by the wretched and thin clad children of want and destitution, made such by his trade. Every stone in his grand home has dragged some soul down to the drunkard's hellish earth. Every string in his piano has been torn from some punting bosom.—All the gorgeous dyes in his soft carpets have been cunningly extracted from the bodies of his victims. There is the bright vermilion drawn from the throbbing arteries of weak woman, the ultramarine of children's blue eyes, and the lake white ground, from young men's bones, wrought into beautiful devices and brightly colored flowers, which he treats proudly under his feet. Yes, if he had a conscience, he might fear to tread that crimson carpet lest his feet should slip in the gore, or bones crackle them, or the stony floors look up in the fearful, human eyes, reproachfully upon him from his delicate wool. He might start up, clapping from the spring seat of his luxurious sofa, as if he felt a million knives contracting under him. He would try the sound of his rosewood piano, as though every touch sent forth a wail of human agony. He would shut his gilded mirror, as though a ghost lurked behind, ready to start up in his face and reproach him with murder.—The hot draught is potent with the essence of painted red mass, so that the brain of him who drinks it shall teem with phantoms snakes and daggers. Surely when men shall come to realize the true nature of this horrible curse which overshadows the whole land, they will assign to every one engaged in it his proper place in the scale of morality. The retailer will then become isolated from the respect of all good men in every community.—[Exchange.]

SERMON.—A negro preacher of the Gospel, and doubtless a little inspired, on being asked if he was in favor of Woman Suffrage, replied with great pomp: "No, sir, I am opposed to it, it will not do at all. I tell you that woman was de first to commit sin, sar. I tell you that the daniel demanded the head of John the Baptist, sar. I tell you that when God made man, he gave de man power over all living, and made de man boss over de woman, sar. I tell you dat God let the man name ebery thing, and de man name the woman Eve, because she was the Mother of all Evil. I tell you, it will never do, sar, for I am a preacher, and my father was a preacher before me, and I am a better preacher than he ever was: I tell you what, sar, dat I understand de Bible a good deal better before I could read, dan my old missus ever did sar: I tell you it will never do to let dese women vote."

The above is a real occurrence and not a fancy sketch, and is certainly as good reason as is generally heard on the off side of the question.—[Ed. Revolution.]

A WELL SPENT LIP.—Ah! how sweet it is when manhood's summer day is merging into the glorious evening of old age, to look from the shadow of the dark valley, which will soon be dispersed by the sun of morning in a glorious world, and contemplate a spent life where no intentional misstep can be recalled and where we can remember no time when we have stood between the sun and the world we loved. There will the rough and uneven places in our pathway look less uninviting in the twilight of life, and the bright, sunny spots will sparkle as so many diamonds in the crown awaiting us. Happy, indeed, are those whose intercourse with the world has not changed the course of their holier feelings, or broken those musical chords of the heart, whose vibrations are so melodious, so tender, and so touching in the evening of old age.

To FRY CHICKENS.—A lady correspondent of the Montrose Republican, gives the following as her way of frying chickens: "I first wash my chicken clean, then halve it, and put it in a frying pan, and fry it in butter till done; then beat four eggs and one tablespoon of flour to gether, spread over the chicken, and set in a hot oven and bake the eggs till done. Season the eggs before spreading with salt and pepper to the taste."

## The New York Election Frauds.

The special committee of the House, appointed to make an investigation of the frauds practiced at the Presidential and gubernatorial election in New York last Nov., have completed their labors, and have agreed upon a report. The report is necessarily very voluminous, but covers the whole ground of the investigation. It was prepared by Judge Lawrence. The following is a partial abstract of the Committee's statements and recommendations:

The Committee say the State of New York has been prolific in election frauds at various times, while Louisiana, Maryland, and other States have presented many phases of the same evil; but appalling and startling as these have been in our past history, they are all surpassed in some respects by those perpetrated in the election in the State, and especially in the city of New York, on the 3d of November, 1868. These frauds were the result of a systematic plan of gigantic proportions, stealthily prearranged and boldly executed, not merely by bands of degraded desperadoes, but with the direct sanction, approval, or aid of many prominent officials and citizens of New York, with the shrewdly concealed connivance of others, and almost without an effort to discourage or prevent them by any of those in whose interest and political party associations they were successfully executed, who could not fail to have cognizance of them, and whose duty it was to expose, detect, and punish them.

They were aided by an immense corrupt, and corrupting official patronage and power, which not only encouraged, but shielded and protected, the guilty principals, and their aids and abettors. These frauds are so varied in character that they comprehend every known crime against the elective franchise. They corrupted the administration of justice, degraded the Judiciary, defeated the execution of the laws, subverted for the time being in New York State the essential principles of popular government; robbed the people of that great State of their rightful choice of electors of President and Vice President, of a Governor, and other officers, disgraced the most populous city of the Union, encouraged the enemies of republican government here and everywhere to deride our institutions as failures, and endangered the peace of the Republic by an attempt to defeat the will of the people in the choice of their rulers. The events of the past year in New York, and the evidences taken by the Committee, furnish the proof of all these allegations. Among the most prominent of the frauds committed in the interest of the Democratic party in the city and State of New York, in connection with the election in November, 1868, are these:

FIRST: Many thousands of aliens fraudulently procured or furnished with certificates of naturalization, illegally or fraudulently issued, by means of which they were enabled to register as voters, and voted in violation of law.

SECOND: Many hundreds of certificates of naturalization were granted in the names of fictitious persons, to be used by native-born and naturalized citizens and aliens in falsely registering as voters, and to enable them to vote many times at the election.

THIRD: Many hundreds of persons voted in New York city from two to four times or more, each, under assumed or fictitious names fraudulently registered for the purpose.

FOURTH: Extensive frauds were committed in canvassing tickets, and names of voters were entered on the poll-books, and Democratic tickets counted as if voters represented them voted, when no such persons voted at all.

FIFTH: To accomplish these frauds gross neglect of duty and disregard of law, so great as to evince a criminal purpose, prevailed in some of the Courts, while officers and Democratic party men of almost every grade, either by official influence or otherwise, aided, sanctioned, or knew of and failed to prevent them. The same influences shielded the perpetrators in nearly all cases from detection or arrest, and were arrested, they have, through the agency of judicial officers, and others charged with the duty of prosecution, escape all punishment.

SIXTH: Through these agencies the Democratic Electors of President and Vice President, and the Democratic candidate for Governor of the State of New York, were fraudulently elected.

SEVENTH: And the investigations of the Committee show that existing State laws, and the mode of enforcing them, are wholly inadequate to prevent these frauds, but that Congress has the power to enact laws which, if faithfully executed, will to some extent furnish remedies hereafter. There is no law of Congress professing to prevent or punish frauds in voting or conducting elections, and the penalties relating to certificates of naturalization are by no means adequate.

"No SECRET," said Franklin, "a mechanic among a number of others, at work on house erecting but a little way from my office, who always appeared to be in a merry humor; who had a kind and cheerful smile for every one he met. Let the day be ever so cold, gloomy or sunless, a happy smile danced like a sunbeam in his cheerful countenance. Meeting him one morning I asked him to tell me the secret of his constant happy flow of spirits."

"No secret, Doctor," he replied, "I have got one of the best wives, and when I go to work she has a kind word of encouragement; and when I go home she meets me with a smile and a kiss; and then tea is sure to be ready, and she has done so many little things to please me that I cannot find it in my heart to speak an unkind word to anybody."

What influence has a woman over the heart of man to soften and make it the foundation of good and pure emotions? Speak gently, then; a kind greeting after the toils of the day are over, costing nothing and going far towards making home happy and peaceful.—Young wives, and girls, candidates for wives, should keep this in mind; to old wives, experience may have already taught them this important lesson. And what we say to wives, we say also to husbands. A loving word and a kiss go very far with a woman.

As exchange tells the following: "A three year old neighbor saw a drunken man 'tacking' through the street. 'Mether,' said he, 'did God make that man?'" She replied in the affirmative. The little fellow reflected for a moment and then exclaimed, "I wouldn't have done it."

A New York journal has the following curious notice: "Wanted, a nurse to take charge of a basket of children left at this office a short time ago."

Horace Greeley is paid \$7,500 a year for his work on the Tribune.

## Elk County Advocate.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING, BY C. B. GOULD, Editor.

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ANDREW, THE DRUNKEN, HAS CEASED TO DISGRACE HIS COUNTRY. WE HAVE NOW AN HONORABLE MAN AT THE HEAD OF THE GOVERNMENT.

Impartial Suffrage.

We call the attention of our readers to the article on our first page headed IMPARTIAL SUFFRAGE. The article is from the pen of a life-long democrat, and speaks the sentiments of thousands in that organization who are disgusted with the anti-progressive spirit of that antiquated party, and who will speedily leave it, unless it adopts a progressive policy. We trust our readers will give it a careful perusal.

CONSTITUTIONAL AGREEMENT.—The Senate has ratified the House bill, and the 15th amendment, granting equal suffrage in all the States, awaits the ratification of the requisite number of States to make it a part of the Constitution. Kansas and Louisiana have already ratified it, and we hope Pennsylvania will also, without delay.

THE HISTORY OF PENNSYLVANIA VOLUNTEERS.—It is proposed to furnish every School District in the Commonwealth with a copy of the State History of the Penna. Volunteers. This great work ought to be accessible to all. Every person who is so called to employ a soldier—every citizen who is asked to vote for one should be enabled to consult it and ascertain for himself the individual's record in the army. We are pleased to observe that the injustice done to one of the best and bravest soldiers of M'Kean—a well known member of the old Bucktails, now residing in an adjoining township, is corrected in the first volume—a model, by the way, as far as we have examined it, of painstaking accuracy. [M'Kean Miner.]

The readers of the Press will heartily endorse the suggestion of our neighbor's article. Mr. Bates, instead of indulging in clap-trap or courting popularity, has given his book the character the Legislature intended for it of a faithful public record. For the honor of Pennsylvania it should have a wide circulation given it.

HONOR GREENEY makes this frankly blunt oration to beggars of all degrees: "Country friends, and especially young men, I give you facts as I have long observed and studied them. I tell you frankly that my interest in your action thereon is partially selfish; for my soul is weary of these incessant appeals for 'something to do,' or, that failing, for alms. There must, there will be beggars; but need you be beggars? Even if you must, I wish it were in your hearts to stay where beggars are not so enormously superabundant as here. I often respond readily, harshly, to their solicitations, because I can not help it. Worn out by appeals, to which I am utterly unable to respond, denied the opportunity to earn my own bread by this endless procession of beggars—I often speak more roughly than I should, because my patience is utterly exhausted. I am not as poor as Lazarus; but I fully sympathize with the latter in so far as he is represented as wishing in Hades to send a messenger to his brethren still on earth to treat them not to 'come into this torment.'"

Lazarus Yee.—A long time ago, corn being very scarce in the upper part of the country, and one of the citizens being hard pressed for bread, having worn threadbare the hospitality of his generous neighbors by his extreme laziness. Accordingly he was carried towards the place of interment, and being met by one of the citizens, the following conversation took place: "Hallel what have you there?" "Poor old Mr. S—." "What are you going to do with him?" "Bury him."

"What, is he dead? I had not heard of his death."

"No, he is not dead, but he might as well be, for he has no corn, and is to lay to work for any."

"That is too cruel for civilized people—I'll give him five bushels of corn myself, rather than see him buried alive."

Mr. S— raised the cover and asked in his usual dragging tone: "Is it all over?" "No, but you can soon shell it."

"D—n it o o b-o-y-s."

A New York journal has the following curious notice: "Wanted, a nurse to take charge of a basket of children left at this office a short time ago."

Horace Greeley is paid \$7,500 a year for his work on the Tribune.